

3
Doctor MERRY-MAN:

OR,

: *NOTHING* but MIRTH.

BEING A

P O S I E

OF

PLEASANT POEMS,

AND

WITTY JESTS.



Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold by *John White.*

DOCTOR MERRY-MAN:

O R,

NOTHING but MIRTH.

The RIFLED CITIZEN.



Citizen for Recreation-fake,
To see the Country would a Journey make
Some dozen Miles, or little more,
Taking leave of's *Friends* two *Months* before;
With drinking *Healts*, and shakes by th' *Hand*
As if trav'ling to some *New-found-Land*.
Well, taking Horse with very much ado,
London he leaves for a *Day* or two;
And as he rideth, meeteth on the *Way*,
Such as (what haste soever) bids Men stay;
Sirrah, (says one) *Stand*, and your *Purse* deliver,
I am a Taker you must be the *Giver*.
Unto a *Wood* they straightway hale him in,
Then rifle him unto the very *Skin*:
Masters, (quoth he) pray bear me e're you go,
For you have robbed more than you do know.
My Horse (in *Troth*) I borrowed of my *Brother*,
The Bridle and the *Saddle* of another;
The Jerkin and the *Bases* be a *Taylor's*,
The Scarf I do assure you is a *Sailor's*:
The Falling-Band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffs; as true as this good *Light* doth shine;
The Satin Doublet, and the *silken Hose*,
Are our *Church-warden's*, all the *Parish* knows:
The Boots are *John the Gracer's* of the *Swan*,
The Spurs were lent me by a *Serving-man*:

One

One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)
 In sooth, I borrowed of my Gossip Joan;
 Her Husband knows not of it, Gentlemen:
 Thus stands my Case, I pray shew Favour then.
 Why (quoth the Thieves) thou needest not greatly Care,
 Since in thy Loss so many bear a share;
 The World grows hard, many Good Fellows lack,
 Look not at this Time for a Penny back;
 Go tell at London thou didst meet with four,
 That rifling thee, have robb'd at least a score.



The BEGGARS Roguery discover'd.

TWO Beggars did encounter on the Way,
 That had not seen each other many a Day,
 Nor met together at the Hedge, (Rogues-Hall)
 As perfect Lowsie as they both could crawl:
 Each had a Cap, a Night-Cap for the Cold,
 And Cloaks with Patches full as they could hold;
 Great Satchel Scrips, that shut with Leather-straps,
 And each a Dog to eat his Master's Scraps,
 Their Shooes a Hobnail-proof, soundly bepegg'd,
 Wrapt well with Clouts, to keep them warmer legg'd:
 Says one to the other, Come, bang Care; let's drink,
 Our Trade is better than a Number think;
 For I, my Wife, and Jack, go up and down,
 To make our every Day worth Half-a-Crown;
 Most Towns in Flanders I have learn'd to Name,
 And am a poor distressed Soldier lame;
 And sometimes I their Charity desire,
 Like one bath lost all that he had by Fire.
 Fire, (quoth the other) come along mad Knave,
 Let's go where we some Watring-Place may have:
 Where's the best Beer to give a Man content?
 I have a Penny that was never spent:
 And twenty Slaves, I Gentlemen did name,
 Before I could be Master of the same:

To many an *Ass* I do the *Worship* give,
 With. Lord preserve you whilst that you do live;
 Now *Jesus* prosper you by *Sea* and *Land*,
 And bless you (*Master*) all you take in *Hand*:
 God keep your *Limbs*, and Lord increase your *Store*,
 I eat no *Bread* to Day, (but drank the *more*;)
 For *Christ* his *Sake*, make this *same* up a *Penny*,
 Thus do I angle *Silver* out of many:
 Aye, when I have it for my *Speaking* fair,
 If they were hang'd that gave it, I'd not care.
 The other *Beggar* laugh't, and did reply,
 Roger, of that *same* *Humour* just am I:
 I can afford good *Speeches* as well as thou,
 And unto any *Knave* such *Words* allow;
 I will not want that, 'till my *Tongue* doth fail:
 But prithee come, let us go find the *Ale*;
 I am as dry as ever was *March-Dust*,
 And here's a *Groat*, I mean to spend it just.
 Well said, *Old Tom*, (says th'other) if thou do,
 My *Groat* shall go, and my *Tobacco* too:
 Although a *Beggar's* *Credit* be not great,
 We will be *Gentlemen* in our *Conceit*:
 I think my self as good a *Man* each way,
 As he that goes in's *Velvet* every Day.
 We'll spend a *Crown*, and drink *Carouses* round,
 Before some *Churls* are worth ten thousand *Pound*:
 There's nothing but a *Pair* of *Stocks* we fear;
 I'll bring thee to a *Cup* of tickling *Beer*.



The Cheated *USURER*.

A Money-Monger choice of *Sureties* had,
 A Country Fellow plain in *Ruffet* clad:
 His *Doublet*, *Mutton-raffety*, *Sheep-skins*,
 His *Sleeves* at *Hand* button'd with two good *Pins*;
 Upon his *Head* a filthy greasie *Hat*,
 That had a *Hole* eat thorow by *Rat*:

A Leather-pouch that with a Snap-hanch shut,
 One hundred Hob-nails in his Shoes were put;
 The Stockins that his Clownish Legs did fit,
 Were Kersey to the Calf, the other Knit;
 And at a Word, th' Apparel that he wore,
 Was not worth Twelve-pence, or, *Who gives more?*
 The other Surety of another Stuff,
 His Neck inviron'd with a double Ruff,
 Made Lawn and Cambrick, both such common Ware,
 His Doublet set had Falling-bands to spare;
 His Fashion new, with late Edition stood,
 His Rapier-hilt imbru'd with golden Blood;
 And these same Trappings made him seem so found,
 To pass his Credit for an hundred Pound,
 So was accepted; Ruffet-Coat deny'd.
 But when Time came the Money should be paid,
 And Monsieur Usurer did hunt him out,
 Strange Alteration struck his Heart in doubt;
 For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
 And Brokers had his painted Cloaths to sell:
 The Usurer then further understands,
 The Clown (refus'd) was rich and had good Lands,
 Ready through Rage) to hang himself, he swore,
 That silken Knaves should cozen him no more.



The young HEIR's Wish.

A Wealthy Miser's Son upon a Day,
 Met a poor Youth, that did intreat and pray,
 Something in Charity in his Distress,
Help Sir, (quoth he) one that is Fatherless.
Sirrah, (said he) away, begone with speed,
I'll help none such, thou art a Knave indeed:
Dost thou complain because thou want'st a Father?
Were it my Case, I should rejoyce the rather:
For if thy Father's Death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excus'd thine.

The

The DREAM expounded.

A Country Fellow had a Dream;
 Which did his Mind amaze;
 That starting up he wakes his Wife,
 And thus to her he says:
Ob Woman! rise and help your Goose,
For even the best we have,
Is presently at Point to die,
Unless her Life you save:
 On either Side of her I see
An hungry Fox doth sit,
But staying upon Courtesie,
Who shall begin first bit.
 Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
 I can your Dream expound;
 The perfect Meaning of the same
 I instantly have found:
 The Goose betwixt two Foxes plac'd,
Which in your sleep you saw,
 Is your self that proves a Goose.
 In going still to Law:
 On either Side a Lawyer sits,
And they do Feathers pull;
 That in the End you will be left,
A bare and naked Gull.
 Wife, in good Troth (quoth he) I think,
 Thou art just in the right;
 My Purse can witness to my grief,
 They do begin to bite.
 I do resolve another Course,
 And much commend thy Wit,
 I'll leave the Goose's Part for them
 That have a Mind to it.
 And if thou ever find that I
 To lawing Humours fall,
 Let me be hang'd at Westminster
 (Wife) I'll forsake the Hall.

The Idle Man's Apology.

AN idle Fellow that would take no pains,
 Looking that others should his State maintain,
 Was reprov'd sharply by an honest Friend,
 Who told him Man was made for other end,
 Than only for to eat, and Sleep, and Play:
 To whom the lazy Creature thus did say,
*Sir, I do ne'er intend to labour much,
 Because I see the Bad Reward of such
 As take most Pains: Horses that labour great
 Are cast in Ditches for the Dogs to eat.*

*Fortune Blam'd: or The Fool fitted.*

A Crafty kind of Knavish Fools,
 (Whereof there plenty be,)
 Did break his Master's Looking-glass,
 And swore it was not he:
 His Master did examine him,
 Demanding who he was?
*Sir, if you'll be content (quoth he)
 I'll tell who broke the Glass:*
 With that, he led him to the Hall,
 To Fortune's Picture there,
 Saying, 'Twas Fortune did the Deed,
She ought the Blame to bear,
 His Master took a Cudgel then,
 And belabour'd him withal;
 Who, crying out for Mercy, down
 Before his Feet did fall:
*Nay, (quoth his Master) 'tis not I,
 To Fortune you must speak;
 For even she that cudgels you,
 The Glass before did break,*

The

The Country-Men reprov'd: or, The Crafty Captain.

A Sort of Clowns, for Loss that they sustain'd
 By Soldiers, to the Captain sore complain'd
 With doleful Words, and very woful Faces,
 They mov'd him to compassionate their Cases;
 Good Sir, (says one) I pray redress our Wrong,
 They that have done it, unto you belong;
 Of all that e're we had we are bereft.
 Except our very Shirts, there's nothing left.
 The Caprain answered: Fellows hear me;
 My Soldier's robb'd you not I plainly see:
 At your first Speech you made me somewhat sad,
 But your last Words resolv'd the Doubts I had:
 For they that rifled you, left Shirts (you say)
 And I am sure mine carry all away,
 By this I know, an Error you are in,
 My Soldiers would have left you but your Skin.



The ADVISING FATHER.

ONE dying left three Sons,
 Whom he Advice did give,
 Of what Profession to make choice,
 Whereby they best might live:
 Unto the first he said;
 Law will be good for thee;
 I know as long as there be Men,
 Some Wranglers still will be.
 The second he did wish
 A Canon's Life to chuse;
 For when that others weep and mourn,
 Why thou shalt Singing Use.
 And to the third he said
 Physick for thee is fit;
 For Earth will smother all the Faults
 Physicians do commit.

The WITTY MAID.

AN old stale Widower quite past the best,
 That had nothing about him in Request,
 Save only what he carried in his Purse,
 Would have a tender Wench to be his Nurse;
 His Sight was dim, his Teeth was rotted out,
 His Hands had Palsie, and his Legs had Gout:
 Yet he would Wench it with a dainty Maid,
 Whose Beauty's Price in all the Parish sway'd,
 And had her Equal hardly to be seen;
 A tender young one, much about Fifteen.
 This Gallant to her did a Suiter go,
 With much ado, his Legs did plague him so;
 Yet with his Staff a pretty Shift he made,
 So told her, *Cupid* had the Villain play'd
 With his poor Heart, 'twas wounded for her Sake,
 And she must needs a Healing Plaster make.
 The Maid beheld him with a loathing Eye,
 And for his quick Dispatch made this Reply:
Kind Sir, (quoth she) your Suit in Love with-draw,
You shall not thatch my new House, with old Straw.

*The SPARING GENTLEMAN.*

AGentleman a curious Building fram'd,
 A House like those that are from Founders nam'd;
 The Workmen had enlarg'd their Art thereon,
 Composing it a curious Heap of Stone.
 Being perfect finish'd as it ought to be,
 The Founder brought his Friend the same to see;
 Demanded how he lik'd this House of his?
Why, well (quoth he) only one Fault's amiss;
And that (methinks) disgraceth all the Rest,
Your Kitchen is too little I protest.
O Sir, (quoth he) in that you do mistake,
A Reason for the same I will you make:

B

Of Purpſe I contriv'd the Kitchen ſmall,
To have my Houſe the bigger there witbal.



The Contending Barber and Mower.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much ado, before their Strife could end;
About the Privilege that Each did claim,
And thus the Barber did his Reasons frame.
Sir, I am Head of all the Trades that be,
For Kings muſt ſit bare-headed unto me.
The greateſt Monarch that on Earth we find,
Puts off to me; Mower, you come behind.
Th'other reply'd, Barber, in vain you jarr,
I have a Privilege exceeds you far;
For when by me the Graſs with Sith is ſhorn,
Or that my Sickle cutteth down the Corn,
Upon the Stumps I boldly dare untraſs,
What Barber on his Work can dare do thus?



The Conceited Humouriſt.

A N humorous fantaſtick Aſs,
Whoſe Wit and Wealth was ſpent,
Did in all Companies he came,
Boaſt of his great Deſcent:
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Unto his Blood were baſe,
For he could prove from Noah's Flood,
His Stock of Royal Race.
Pray Sir, (quoth one) take no more Pains
In this ſame worthy Thing,
For it is moſt apparent plain,
From that old Houſe you ſpring:
You may juſt prove your Pedigree,
From Noah unto this Hour,

*Your Ancestors good Masons were,
That wrought upon Babel Tower;
And were I as your Worship is,
In spight of Brick-layers-Hall,
I would have Trowel in mine Arms,
A Ladder, Tray, and all.*



The Railing MOUNTBANK.

Gentlemen, that approach about my Stall,
To most rare Physick I invite you all,
Come near, and hearken what I have to sell,
And deal with me all those that are not well:
In this same Box I have such precious Stuff,
To give it praise I have not Words enough;
If any Humour in your Heads be crept,
I'll find it out, as if your Heads were swept;
Almost through *Europe* I have shewn my Face,
And Wonders have perform'd in every Place.
Behold this Salve (I do not use to lye)
Whole Hospitals there have been cur'd thereby:
I do not stand here like a tatter'd Slave,
My Velvet and my Chain of Gold I have;
Which cannot be maintained by Men's Looks,
Friends, all the Town is hardly worth my Books;
There stands my Coach and Horses, 'tis mine own;
From hence to *Turky* is my Credit known;
In Sooth I cannot boast as many will,
Let nothing speak for me but only Skill,
You see the Thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
My Tongue cannot expresse to any Ear,
The sundry Virtues that it doth contain,
Or Number half the Worms that it hath slain:
If in your Bellies there were Crawlers bred
In Multitudes, like Hairs upon your Head,
Within four Hours space, or thereabout,
At all the Holesy ou have I'll search them out,

And ferret them before that I have done,
 Even like the Hare that forth the Bush doth run:
 Here is a wondrous Water for the Eye,
 This for the Stomach, Masters will you buy;
 When I am gone, you will repent too late,
 And then (like Fools) among your selves yo'll prate:
 Oh that we had that famous Man again;
 When I shall be employ'd in *France* or *Spain*;
 Now for Storer you a Box shall have,
 That will the Lives of half a Dozen save:
 My Man is come, and in my Ear, he says,
 At home for me at least an Hundred stays:
 All Gentlemen, yet for your Good (you see)
 I make them tarry and attend for me.
 If that you have no Money let me know,
 Physick of Alms upon you I'll bestow:
 What Doctor in the World can offer more?
 Such arrant Clowns I never saw before:
 Here you do stand like Owls to gaze on me,
 But not a Penny from you I can see;
 A Man shall come to do such Dunces good,
 And cannot have his Meaning understood:
 To talk to senceless People it is vain,
 I'll see you hang'd, ere I'll come here again,
 Be all diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
 And dye in Ditches like to Dogs for me:
 An old Wife's Medicine, Parsly, Time, and Sage,
 Will serve such Buzzards in this scurvy Age:
 Goose-grease and Fennel, with a few Dog-dates,
 Is excellent for such base lowlie Mates:
 Farewel, some Hempron-halter be the Charm,
 To stretch your Necks so long as is mine Arm.



The Feble WIDOWER.

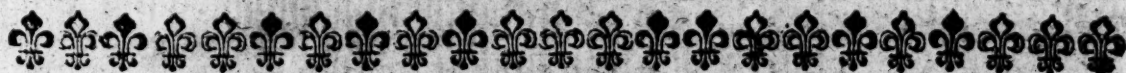
ONE came to wooe a Wench that was precise,
 And by the Spirit did the Flesh despise;

Mo-

Moving a secret Match between them two,
 But she in Sooth and Sadness would not do.
 He did reply, so sweet a fair is she
 (Made of such Stuff as all fair Woman be)
 Ought by the Law of Nature to be kind,
 And shew her self to bear a Woman's Mind.
*Well Sir, (quoth she) you Men do much prevail,
 With cunning Speeches and a pleasant Tale:
 'Tis but a Folly to be over nice,
 You shall, but twenty Shillings; is the price,
 A brace of Angels if you will bestow;
 Come such a Time and I am for you so:*
 Well, he took leave, and with her Husband met,
 Told him, by Bond he was to pay a Debt;
 Intreating him to do so good a Deed,
 As lend him twenty Shillings at his Need
 Which (very kindly) his Present did extend,
 And th' other willing on his Wife did spend.
 So taking leave of her, he goes his ways,
 Meeting his Creditor within few Days:
 And rold him, Sir, I was at home to pay,
*The twenty Shillings which you lent last Day:
 And with your Wife, because you were not there
 I left it; pray you with my Boldness bear.
 It's well, (quoth he) I'm glad I did you pleasure.
 So coming home, Questions his Wife at leisure:
 I pray (Sweet-heart) was such a Man with thee;
 And did he leave twenty Shillings for me?
 She blush'd, and said, He hath been here indeed;
 But you do ill to lend, Husband, take heed:
 The Falshood of the World you do not 'spy,
 It is not good to trust before you try:
 Pray lend no more, for it may breed much Strife,
 To have such Knaves come Home to pay your Wife.*

The Crafty FOX.

A Crew of Foxes were on Thieving set,
 Together at a Country Hen-roost met:
 Where the poor Poultry went to greivous wrack,
 For there they feasted, till their Guts did crack,
 Having well suppd, ready to go away,
 Without demanding what there was to pay,
 Says one to the rest, *Friends, pray bark to me,*
Let's point where our next Meeting place shall be.
With a good will, (says one above the rest)
At such a Farmer's House his Lambs be best.
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clown,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Town.
Well Masters, said a grave and ancient Fox,
(Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The surest place to meet, that I can tell,
Will be the Skinner's Shop, and so farewell.

*The Careful SHEPHERD.*

A Shepherd that a careful Eye did keep,
 Unto the Safety of his grazing Sheep,
 Perceiv'd a Wolf thorow the Hedge did pry;
Sirrah, (quoth he) pray what make you so nigh?
Why, (says the Wolf) thou see'st I do no ill,
Thy Flock is far enough upon the Hill;
What Justice now a-Days these People lacks,
The Crows rides boldly on the Cattles backs;
And not a Word thou say'st to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with we dost Brawl.
The Proverb's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Wife tell,
He that upon a bad Name doth light,
Is even half hang'd, as good be hang'd out right;
And I my self by proof can now alledge,
Some better Steal, than some look o're the Hedge;

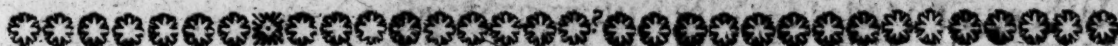
The QUACK-SALVER out-witted.

THE Devil did complain he was not well,
 And would go take some Physick out of Hell;
 To *England, France and Spain*, with speed he got,
 Where all refus'd him, he did burn so hot,
 In haste he then to *Germany* did hie,
 The cunning of a Quack-salver to try;
 Where in a Market-place upon a Stage,
 He found a Fellow could all Griefs assuage:
 Doctor (quoth he) *I want some of thy Skill,*
For I do find I am exceeding ill,
And any Thing for ease I will endure;
What! wilt thou undertake my Pain to cure?
If thou canst ease the Malady I have.
Thou shalt have Gold, even what thy self will crave:
 Gentleman, (said this Doctor to the Devil)
 Upon my Life I'll rid you of this Evil,
 Make unto me those Griefs you have but known,
 And with the Curing them let me alone.
 Why Sir. (quoth he) my Head with Horns doth ake,
 My Brains like Brimstone doth Tobacco take;
 My Eyes are full of ever-burning Fire,
 My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire;
 About my Heart doth crawling Serpents creep,
 And I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep;
 There's no Diseases whatsoe'er they be,
 But I have all of them impos'd on me;
 All Torments that the Tongue of Man can name,
 Within, without, in a continual Flame.
 Quoth the Quack-salver, I will undertake
 A sound Man of you in a Month to make.
 Wilt please your Worship, shew me where you dwell?
 Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell:
 Thy Charges in thy Journey I will bear,
 And I'll prefer thee to the Devil there:
 With speed get up, I'll take thee on my Back,
 The World may spare thee and in Hell we lack.

The

The Simple CLERKS.

A Bishop met two Priests upon the Way,
 And did salute them with the Time of Day;
Good-morrow Clerks, unto you both (quoth he)
Sir, (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Priests are we.
W by (quoth the Bishop) then I will Consent
Unto the Title of your own Content;
Since you deny to carry Schollar's Marks,
Good-morrow to you Priests, that are no Clerks.

*Advice to CLIMBERS.*

ONE climbing up a Tree by Hap,
 Fell down and broke his Arm,
 And did complain unto a Friend
 Of this unlucky Harm.
Would I had counsell'd you before,
(Quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a Trick for Climbers, that
They never Hurt shall take.
Neighbour (said he) I have a Son,
And he doth use to Climb;
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time.
W by thus (quoth he) let any Man,
That lives, climb ne'er so high,
And make no more hast down then up,
No Harm can come thereby.

*The Witty FOOL: or, Foolish GENTLEMAN.*

AN aged Gentleman sore sick did lye,
 Expecting Life, that could not chuse but dye,
 His Fool came to him, and intreated thus,
Good Master, e're you go away from us,
Bestow on Jack (that hath oft made you laugh)
Against he waxeth old your Walking-staff.

*I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,
 But on condition Jack, which shall be this:
 If thou dost meet with any whilst thou live,
 More Fool then thou, the Staff thou shalt him give.
 Master, (said he) upon my Life I will,
 But I do hope that I shall keep it still.
 When Death drew near, and Faintness did proceed,
 His Master calls for a Divine with speed,
 For to prepare him unto Heaven's Way;
 The Fool starts up, and hastily doth say,
 O Master, Master, take your Staff again,
 That proves your self the worst Fool of us twain.
 Have you now liv'd some fourscore Years and odd,
 And all this while are unprepar'd for God?
 What greater Fool can any meet withal,
 Than one that's ready in the Grave to fall,
 And is to seek about his Soul's Estate,
 When Death is opening of the Prison-gate?
 Bear witness Friends, that I discharge me plain:
 Here Master, here, receive your Staff again,
 Upon the same Condition I did take it,
 According as you will'd me, I forsake it;
 And over and above I will bestow
 This Epitaph, which shall your Folly show:*

Here lies a Man, at Death did Heaven claim,
 But in is Life he never fought the same.



The Simple CLOWN: or, Crafty SOLDIER.

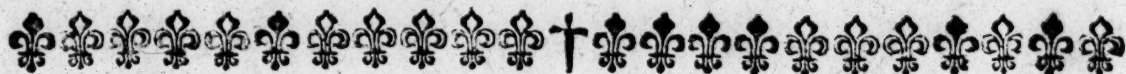
A Simple Clown in Flanders,
 As he travelling had been,
 Having his Wife in Company,
 Came late into an Inn:
 A Spanish Soldier being there,
 A Guest unto the Place,

C

No

No sooner saw, but lik'd his Wife,
 (she had a comely Face ;)
 And watch'd when they were gone to Bed,
 Then boldly in comes he,
 And never said, Friend, by your Leave,
 But made their Number three.
 The Clown lay still, and felt a stir,
 But durst not speak for's Life,
 At length his Patience was so mov'd,
 He softly jogg'd his Wife,
 And said to her, *Prithee intreat,*
The Spaniard to be still.
Can I speak Spanish Man, [quoth she]
You know I have no Skill :
But Husband, if you please to rise,
And for the Sexton go,
He understandeth Spanish well,
Assuredly I know,
Faith, and I'll fetch him straight, [quoth he ;]
 And so the Rustick rose,
 And softly sneaking out of Doors,
 About his Message goes.
 Mean time, imagine what you will,
 To me it is unknown;
 But e're her Husband came again,
 The *Spaniard* he was gone :
 Which when the Simple Man perceiv'd,
 He fell to domineer ;
O Wife [said he] *for twenty Pound,*
I would I had been here.
Tell me (Sweet-heart) when I was gone,
How long the Knaves did stay?
 (Quoth she) *you scarce were out of Door,*
Before he ran away.
Wife, (quoth the Clown) *thou mak'st me laugh,*
That I did fear him thus ;
Come let us take a little nap,
For his disturbing us.

*You see what comes of Policy,
And good Discretion. Wife;
If I had been a basty Fool,
It might have cost my Life.*



The Canting BAWD: or, The Covetous WHORE.

I Am a professed Curtezan,
That lives by Peoples Sin;
With half a dozen Puncks I keep,
I have good Comings in:
Such store of Traders haunt my House,
To find a lusty Wench,
That twenty Gallants in a Week,
Do entertain the *French*.
Your Courtier, and your Citizen,
Your very Rustick Clown,
Will spend an Angel on the Pox,
Even ready Money down:
I strive to live most Lady-like,
And scorn those foolish Queans,
That do not rattle in their Silks,
And yet have able Means.
I have my dainy Musick plays,
When I would take my Rest,
I have my Serving-men to wait
Upon me in Blue Coats;
I have my Oars that do attend
My Pleasure with their Boats.
I have my Champions that will fight,
My Lovers that do fawn;
I have my Hat, my Hood and Mask,
My Fan my Cobweb-Lawn:
To give my Gloves unto a Gull;
Is mighty Favour found,
When for the Wearing of the same,
It cost him twenty Pound.

My Garter is a gracious Thing,
 Another takes away,
 And for the same a silken Gown,
 The Prodigal doth pay.
 Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth,
 Is in such a longing Heat,
 My Busk point even on his Knees
 With Tears he doth Intreat;
 I grant it to rejoyce the Man,
 And then Request a Thing,
 Which is both Gold and precious Stone,
 The Woodcock's Diamond-Ring.
 Another lowly-minded Youth,
 Forsooth my Shoe-String craves,
 And that he putteth through his Ear,
 Calling the Rest base Slaves.
 Thus fit I Fools in Humour still,
 That come to me for Game,
 I punish them for Venery.
 Leaving their Purse lame,
 In *Newgate* some take Logging up,
 Till they to *Tyburn* ride;
 And others walk to *Woodstreet* with
 A Serjeant by their Side:
 Some go to *Hounds ditch* with their Cloaths
 To pawn for Money lending,
 And some I send to Surgeons Shops,
 Because they lack some Mending:
 Others pass ragged up and down,
 All tatter'd, rent, and torn;
 But being in that scurvy Case,
 Their Companies I scorn:
 For if they come and fawn on me,
 There's nothing to be got;
 As soon as e're my Merchants break,
 I swear I know them not:
 No Entertainment, nor a Look
 Shall e'er they get of me,

If once I do begin t'perceive,
 That out of Cash they be:
 All Kindnesses that I profess,
 The fairest Shews I make,
 Is love of all that comes to me
 For Gold and Silver's Sake
 To forward Men I forward am,
 Most frank unto the Free,
 But such as takes their Wares on Trust,
 Are not to deal with me.
 The World is hard, all Things are dear,
 Good-fellowship decays;
 And every one seeks Profit now,
 In these same Hungry Days.
 Although my Trade in secret be.
 Unlawful to be known,
 Yet I will make the best I can
 Of that which is my own:
 For seeing I do venture fair,
 At Price of *whipping Chear*,
 I have no Reason but to make
 My Customers pay dear.
 Our Charge beside is very great,
 To keep them fine and brave;
 A Whore that goes not gallantly,
 Shall little *Doing* have:
 Therefore all Things consider'd well,
 Our Charges and our Danger,
 A daily Friend shall pay as much,
 As any Term-Time Stranger.



The JUST JUDGE.

A Rich Man and a Poor did both appear
 Before a Judge, an Injury to clear:
 The Rich did tell a Tail most tedious long,
 Mending, (as he suppos'd with Words) the Wrong:

And

And ever when the poor Man would have spoke,
 With bold out facing Speech he did him choak:
 The woeful Wight at length could bear no longer,
 But boldly rais'd his Voice both loud and stronger:
My Lord, (quoth he) pray now bid Dives stay,
And hear but what poor Lazarus can say:
My Ox came in the Field, which he doth keep,
And swears for that he'd pay me with a Sheep.
Is he your Landlord? Yes; the worse my Fate.
Then take my Counsel, (quoth the Justice strait)
Pay him no Rent until a Year he due,
Then let him have one Quarter paid by you.



The CUNNING SAVAGE.

A Savage Creature chanc'd to come,
 Where civil People dwelt,
 Whom they did kindly entertain,
 And courteous with him dealt.
 They fed him with their choicest Fare,
 To make his Welcome known.
 And divers Ways their Humane Love
 Was to the wild Man shewn.
 At length (the Weather being cold)
 One of them blew his Nails,
 The Savage ask'd why he did so?
 And what his Fingers ails?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warm,
That are both cold and numb.
 And so they set them down to board,
 For Supper Time was come.
 The Man that blew his Nails before,
 Upon his Broth did blow,
Friend. says the Savage, what means this,
I prithe let me know?
My Breth (said he) is over hot,
And I do cool 'em so.

Fare,

*Farewel, (quoth he) this Deed of thine,
 For ever parteth us:
 Hast thou a Breath blows hot and cold,
 Even as thy Wish and Will?
 I am not for thy Company,
 Pray keep thy Supper still.
 And heat thy Hands, and cool thy Broth
 As I have seen thee do,
 Such double Dealers as thy self,
 I have no Mind unto,
 But will retire unto the Woods,
 Where I before have bin
 Resolving every Double-tongue
 Hath hollow Heart within.*

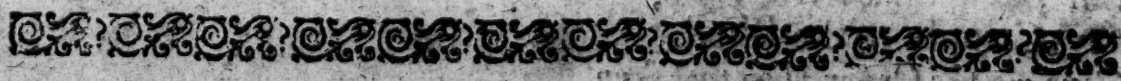


The Foolish BEGGARS.

A Lusty Beggar that was blind,
 But very strong of Limb,
 Agreed with one who was lame of Legs,
 That he would carry him.
 And t'other was to guide the Way,
 (For he had perfect Sight)
 Upon Condition, all they got,
 Should still be shar'd at Night.
 So as they chanc'd to pass along,
 The Cripple that had Evcs,
 Sitting upon the blind Man's Back,
 On Ground an Oyster spies,
Stoop, take that Oyster up, (quoth he)
Which at thy Feet lies there:
 And so he did, and put it in
 The Scrip which he did wear.
 But going on a little Way,
 Says Cripple to the Blind,
Give me the Oyster thou tookst up,
I have thereto a Mind.

Not

Not so, said t'other, by your *Leave*,
 In Vain you do intreat it :
 For sure I keep it for my self,
 And do intend to eat it.
 I'll have it, Sir, the Cripple swore,
 Who spy'd it, thou, or I ?
 If that I had not seen and spoke,
 Thou woud'st have passed by.
 It is no Matter, said the Blind.
 Thou know'st it might have lain,
 Had I not stoop'd to take it up,
 Therefore it shall be mine.
 And so they hotly fell to Words,
 And out in Choller brake,
 With thou lame Rogue, and thou blind Knave,
 Not caring what they spake.
 At length it happen'd one came by
 And heard them thus contend,
 And did intreat them both, that he
 Might this their Discord end,
 They yield, and said it shall be so,
 Then he inquiring all,
 Did hear their League, and how about
 An Oister they did brawl.
 Said he, *My Master let me see*
This Oister makes such Strife.
 The blind Man forthwith gave it him,
 Who present drew his Knife,
 And opening it, eat up the same,
 Giving them each a Shell,
 And said, *Good Fellows, now be Friends,*
I have your Fish, farewell.
 The Beggars both deluded thus,
 At their own Folly smil'd,
 And said, *One subtile crafty Knave,*
Has two poor Fools beguil'd.



F I N I S.

